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The Untold Sequel

OF

THE STRANGE CASE

OF

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

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THE UNTOLD SEQUEL

OF THE

STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

CHAPTER I.

My name is Utterson,— Linus Utterson. I am a lawyer in Soho, and have practised law there for thirty years or more. I am well known to men of my profession, particularly to the Hon. Joseph Undercoot, Enoch Willard, and other equally well-known men, to whom I refer you as to my character and integrity as a professional man.

What follows below, the facts and details in the well-known case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, I have duly sworn to before reputable witnesses, and therefore trust that the public will receive them in the good faith in which they are offered.

In view of the fact that my name has appeared in connection with the history of the case already given to the public as *facts*, some of you may say that in now coming forward with still another statement that I am making retraction of the first account, thereby declaring the first account aforesaid to be false, and so accusing myself of perjury, since the first account was also sworn to.

I deny this; I go still further, and declare the details as given already to the public to be absolutely correct, — that is,

they are correct in one sense and wrong in another. The incidents, conversation, in fact all the tragic details, occurred exactly as you know them; the places of incident given are correct, — yet, paradoxical as it may seem, you do not know the truth. We were deceived almost from the first; the conclusions drawn from the circumstantial evidence before our eyes were utterly false, and as such, helped to augment the success of one of the cleverest, the cruellest, and most hellish plots ever conceived by mortal man.

For the benefit of those who have not followed the history of the case, I will sketch it, as briefly as possible, as already given by the Hon. Mr. Stevenson, since, as I have already stated, that history is absolutely correct on the face of it.

Dr. Jekyll and myself were warm friends, having known each other from boyhood. As professional men we had many things of interest in common. We differed much in disposition. He had always been a bright, hearty, sincere fellow, and he carried his happy traits into his older years. I was quieter, and less demonstrative; nevertheless we were firm friends. In my capacity of lawyer I was his legal adviser, and it was to me, as such, that he brought the strange will that proved to be the forerunner of the dark tragedy which it is my sad task to chronicle. The will was holograph, as I, though I took it in charge, refused to lend the least assistance in the making of it. As Mr. Stevenson has said, it provided not only that in case of the decease of Henry Jekyll, M.D., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., act., all his

possessions were to pass into the hands of his "friend and benefactor, Edward Hyde;" but in case of Dr. Jekyll's "disappearance or unexplained absence for any period exceeding three calendar months, the said Edward Hyde should step into said Henry Jekyll's shoes without further delay, and free from any burden or obligation," beyond the payment of a few small sums to the members of the doctor's household. This document was an eyesore to me. It primarily offended me as a lawyer, and besides I had never seen nor heard of this Hyde. Somehow I formed prejudiced opinions of him from the first, which time and acquaintance only verified.

In vain I pleaded with Jekyll to break that will; in vain I warned him of its danger, for it had occurred to me that possibly

this man Hyde, who seemed to possess such strange power over poor Harry Jekyll, might become aware of its contents, or even might have *dictated* it!

But my friend, who unburdened his thoughts and cares to me on all other themes, preserved a silence, stubborn and persistent, in regard to this strange acquaintance, that only increased my apprehension of coming trouble. Of late Harry Jekyll did not seem the same to me. While he possessed all the outward appearance as of old, in many things he was changed. His voice was changed; and he often startled me by gestures and expressions of thought entirely unlike him, and foreign to his nature. I think I noticed these things soon after the deposit of the will. I was much troubled, and I determined to see

and speak to this Hyde, and I succeeded. It was in this way: In one of my walks with a friend, Enfield, we came opposite the door in the now-celebrated gabled house on the side street leading south from the square in which Dr. Jekyll lived. Pointing to the door, Enfield told me the story of how the man whom he saw run down the child and trample on her had entered there; and how that man, whose name was Hyde, had given the child's parents a check on *Harry Jekyll!* Thus I found his home, and thus I found Hyde. I haunted the side street day after day before I saw my man. In the mean time I had visited Dr. Lanyon, a mutual friend of Jekyll and myself, to find out more of the man Hyde; but I learned nothing. Lanyon had never heard of him. But at

last my search was rewarded. I one day came upon Hyde about to enter the door. Stepping forward, and touching him on the shoulder, I said, "Mr. Hyde, I think?"

He shrank back quickly: "That's my name. What do you want?" Merely to gain time I told him my name, and friendship for Jekyll, and that I desired to see Dr. Jekyll. As he kept his face turned from me, I asked to see it. After some hesitation he showed it, with a defiant look. "Now I shall know you again," I said; "it may be useful." "Yes," he sneered, "'t is well we have met, and *apropos*, you should have my address," and he gave a number in Soho. "Good God!" I thought, "can he too be thinking of the will?" That man was all that Enfield painted him. He was pale and dwarfish;

he gave an impression of deformity without any namable malformation; he had borne himself to me with a sort of murderous mixture of timidity and boldness, and he spoke with a husky, whispering, and somewhat broken voice. All these were points against him; but not all these together could explain the hitherto unknown disgust and loathing with which I regarded him. If ever I read Satan's signature on a face, it was on that man's. How it haunted me! Where had I seen it before? for seen it I certainly had. There was something strangely familiar about those features, but I could not place them.

A year passed, in which I learned little else of Hyde except that he enjoyed Jekyll's house as his own; indeed, the servants had strict orders to obey him. It

was from Poole, Jekyll's butler, that I heard a strange thing that troubled me as much as it puzzled me.

Although Jekyll and Hyde were often about the house, no one had ever seen them there at the same time or together, and that it was only when Dr. Jekyll was absent that Mr. Hyde appeared, although Dr. Jekyll was often seen going into Hyde's quarters. This only served to strengthen a vague, horrible suspicion that was slowly forming itself in my mind; but my thoughts were directed from it by the murder of Sir Danvers Carew, father of the beautiful girl to whom Harry Jekyll was engaged to be married. It was with feelings almost of joy that I heard of the identification of the murderer with the man Hyde; and then I was filled with

dismay to find that the weapon used was a heavy stick which I myself had presented to Harry Jekyll.

We searched the rooms of Hyde in vain; he had disappeared utterly, and left no clew.

On the afternoon after the search, I called on Dr. Jekyll. I was conducted downstairs, and across the court to the building containing the doctor's laboratory. I had never been there before, and I looked about me with much curiosity. The room I entered was large and empty, dusty and deserted, but at the farther end was a pair of stairs, at the head of which was a baize-covered door. Through this I reached Jekyll's cabinet. By the fire sat Jekyll himself, looking very pale and nervous. He did not rise, and I noticed that the voice in which he greeted me sounded

unlike his own, but still strangely familiar. The interview that followed is best given by Mr. Stevenson.

"And now," said Mr. Utterson, as soon as Poole had left them, "have you heard the news?"

The doctor shuddered. "They were crying it in the square," he said; "I heard them."

"One word," said the lawyer. "Carew was my client, but so are you, and I want to know what I am doing. You have not been mad enough to hide this fellow?"

"Utterson, I swear to God!" cried the doctor, "I swear I will never set eyes on him again. I bind my honor to you that I am done with him in this world. It is all at an end. And indeed he needs no help; you don't know him as I do; he is

safe, quite safe; mark my words, he will never more be heard of."

The lawyer listened gloomily; he did not like his friend's feverish manner. "You seem pretty sure of him," he said; "and for your sake I hope you may be right."

"I am quite sure," replied Jekyll; "I have grounds for certainty that I cannot share with any one. But I want your advice. I have — I have received a letter, and I am at a loss whether I should show it to the police. I should like to leave it in your hands, Utterson; you would judge wisely, I am sure."

"You fear, I suppose, it might lead to his detection," asked the lawyer.

"No," said the other, "I cannot say I care what becomes of Hyde; I am quite

done with him. I was thinking of my own character, which this hateful business has rather impugned."

"Let me see the letter," said Utterson.

The letter was written in an odd, upright hand, and signed "Edward Hyde;" and it signified briefly that the writer's benefactor, Dr. Jekyll, need labor under no alarm for his safety, as he had means of escape on which he placed a sure dependence.

"That letter is a forgery," said I to myself at the time. Time ran on. As you know, thousands were offered for reward; but Mr. Hyde had disappeared out of the ken of the police as though he had never existed. Much of his past was unearthed, and all disreputable; tales came out of the man's cruelty, at once so callous and

violent, — of his vile life, and of the hatred which seemed to have surrounded his career, — but of his present whereabouts, not a whisper. From the time he had left the house in Soho, on the morning of the murder, he was simply blotted out.

Then came trouble from a new quarter. The suspicions which were aroused in me, before Carew's murder, were being daily strengthened and almost verified. They haunted me day and night, until at last I could stand it no longer, and I determined to confide in Lanyon. But to my astonishment and alarm, he refused to hear anything concerning our old and warmest mutual friend, Harry Jekyll; he went further and declined to continue his friendship. He would give no reason for his conduct, but declared, over and over again,

that he had done with poor Harry Jekyll forever. Then in the midst of my perplexity at this new turn of affairs, Lanyon took to his bed, and in less than a fortnight he was dead.

The night after the funeral, I opened a letter marked, "PRIVATE; for the hands of L. G. Utterson alone, and in case of his pre-decease, to be destroyed unread," — so it was emphatically superscribed. Within there was another inclosure, likewise sealed and marked on the corner as, "Not to be opened till the death or disappearance of Dr. Henry Jekyll." I could not trust my eyes. Yes; here it was "disappearance" — here again, as in the mad will which I had long ago returned to its author; here again was the idea of a disappearance, and the name of Henry Jekyll bracketed.

But in the will, that idea had sprung from the sinister suggestions of the man Hyde; it was set there for a purpose all too plain and horrible.

Written by the hand of Lanyon, what should it mean?

. . . . . .

There is not much more to tell as regards what is already known. You all know the tale of that awful "last night," when, after Henry Jekyll had disappeared for over a week, the servants warned us of foul play, and we forced our way into his cabinet, only to find the miserable Hyde, who had so long escaped us, there in the throes of his awful death, but not a vestige of poor Harry Jekyll.

Then in the midst of our fears and perplexity, I opened Lanyon's letter, contain-

ing the remarkable account of how on that stormy midnight, a few days after the murder, *Hyde* had entered his (Lanyon's) office, and by means of a drug had *changed himself into Henry Jekyll*, there before the eyes of Dr. Lanyon.

Then came the other still more remarkable inclosure, — the letter from Henry Jekyll to Dr. Lanyon, telling of his wonderful discovery whereby he could change his looks, his heart, his mind, his whole individuality, from the gentle Harry Jekyll to the fiend Hyde, and thence back again to Jekyll. His confession of the cruelties and the murder of Sir Danvers Carew, while in the form of the fiend Hyde, and his despairing repentance when restored to himself; the story of his change to Hyde, *without the aid of the drug*,

while he slept, and the using of the last of that drug to restore himself to Jekyll; his fears that at any moment he would become the hunted murderer Hyde, without the means to restore himself; and his last touching farewell, coupled with the determination to destroy himself. All of these have been told too well by Mr. Stevenson, and I will hasten on to the startling disclosures which so change the entire aspect of the mystery, and lift the shadow from the memory of poor Harry Jekyll.

CHAPTER II.

To say that these remarkable letters, ending and apparently clearing up this remarkable case, did not deeply impress me, would be untrue. On the contrary, they completely upset me. I was overcome by an overwhelming realizing sense of the horror of it all. For a while, my little world seemed completely upside-down; the things with which I had been familiar all my life seemed strange and changed, and the most commonplace incidents became clothed with an element amounting almost to uncanniness. I was haunted with a vague, intangible fear, like that which I

experienced as a child when some unusually ghostly tale had been told. I cannot begin to tell the mental suffering I underwent during those days. In course of time it wore off, however, and I soon began to take a more sensible view of the situation. I remembered my old fears and suspicions; and, besides, I was inclined to be sceptical even in the face of the evidence of my own eyes. I have always been a practical man, with little or no sentiment, and it now stood me in good stead. I could not bring myself to believe in the conclusions which were arrived at. It did not seem possible for Dr. Jekyll, or any other man, to accomplish what Jekyll claimed to have accomplished. It was contrary to all nature; it was simply defying the laws of God's universe, and I could not believe in it. I

was filled with a fast growing conviction that there was something *more*, something which had escaped us, and, moreover, that that "something" was the key to the situation. My old suspicions returned with renewed force, and I determined to satisfy myself once for all. I believed that in the past of the creature Hyde lay enlightenment; and diligently, yet secretly, I set to work to find it.

I visited the office in Soho, but found an office, and nothing more. There were chairs, a table or two, and some old periodicals, — nothing else. Then I turned my attention to Jekyll's home and Hyde's quarters, which had been closed since the death of these men. For days and weeks my search was unavailing, and I had about given up, when finally one afternoon, after

I had spent most of the day in the cabinet where Hyde died, I entered the handsome room that was Hyde's to rest. I leaned carelessly against the wall near a mirror, for a moment, when all at once I felt a rush of cold air, and turning with a nervous start I saw the mirror slowly swing inward, disclosing a dark passage floored with marble slabs. I was startled, and it was several moments before I gained courage to take a candle and explore the passage. It was like entering an ice-house, and I had scarcely taken three steps before I was suddenly thrown violently forward on my face, extinguishing the light and leaving me in total darkness. I scrambled to my feet thoroughly frightened, and rushed back into the room, where I stood panting, awaiting the danger I was sure would follow.

But none came, and I picked up courage, and relighting the candle, cautiously entered the passage. Then I discovered the cause of my fall. It was simple enough. One of the diamond-shaped slabs in the flooring was loose; I stepped upon it, tipped it, and consequently was instantly tripped up. How I laughed at my superstitious fears of a moment before, and what a hollow, mocking sound the marble walls sent back. Stooping, I was about to replace the slab, when I noticed loose earth, upon which was scattered bits of torn paper, still fresh and white. Scraping away the loose dirt with my fingers I soon laid bare a piece of cloth, wet and clammy, and I became aware of a faint stench. In less time than I can tell it I was out of the house, and making my way to the home of Poole,

Jekyll's old butler. Quickly telling him of my discovery, we were soon back again with a shovel and hoe.

I cannot go into the details of that next hour. My worst fears were realized. There, by the pale, flickering light of the candle, the hoe and shovel laid bare before us a sight, the horrible ghastliness of which will haunt me to my dying day.

That night, Poole and I, in company with an undertaker, laid away to its rest in a quiet spot in the cemetery, all that remained mortal of Harry Jekyll. On the dead man's breast I found the manuscript that follows.

CONFESSION OF EDWARD HYDE.

My name is Edward Gorman Hyde. I was born in New York, in 1840. I came

of a good family, and am a graduate of Columbia College. My people were wealthy and influential; I had plenty of pocket-money, and consequently was a wild youth. Owing to financial losses, followed shortly by the death of my parents, I was compelled to seek my own livelihood while yet a young man. I had always had a passion for the stage, and even as a boy had displayed much talent in that direction; naturally I drifted into the profession, and with small beginnings, in the course of a few years, I made a name for myself in character portrayal. But my old vices of the college days clung to me, and with returning prosperity I gradually drifted into the old ruts. What with hard work and dissipation I soon wrecked my nervous system, so much so that I could not go through

my parts with the old vim. Then it was that I took the step that wrecked my life. I resorted to opium to quiet my nerves and help me through with my stage-work. Night after night I infused new temporary life into my veins with the aid of the cursed drug. As time went on I found myself taking it at frequenter intervals; and, finally, if I neglected to make use of the opium less than three or four times a day, I suffered untold agonies. The end is only too evident. Gradually my powers slipped away from me; I drifted from one stage to another, each time a little lower; my little hoard of money, saved from my brilliant days, was soon gone, until, one never-to-be-forgotten summer, I found myself without friends, money, or home. I became a miserable, wandering

wreck of humanity, sometimes an object of pity, more often of kicks and contempt. Then, when it seemed that life was scarcely worth the living, and I almost longed for death (would to God it had come!), help came in the form of Dr. Jekyll. It was in this way: I had been tramping around the upper part of the State of New York. Toward the close of a hot summer day, I entered a small village not far from New York City. I solicited a supper, and then wandered about, in an aimless sort of way, till long after dark I found myself near the tavern, and I determined to ask for a lodging for the night. There was a group of men on the porch, and I went around the side to the back. There was a light on the ground-floor, and as I passed the open window I thought I heard a deep

groan, as of some one in pain. Stepping to the window, I looked in. There on the floor lay a man writhing in awful agony. His eyes seemed about to burst from their sockets, and his tongue, swollen and purple, lolled out of his mouth, while his bloodless fingers spasmodically grasped at the carpet. Jumping into the room I knelt by his side and tried to quiet him. It seemed to me that he was dying, but I was powerless to help him. I was about to leave him and go in search of help, when I noticed that he tried to reach a bottle standing near on the carpet. Failing, his eyes sought mine; I understood, and it was but the work of a moment to get the bottle and force some of its contents down his throat. The effect was instantaneous; his muscles relaxed their rigor, and his eyes closed;

he lay perfectly still. I feared he was dead, but placing my hand on his heart, I found it still beating.

After a while he came out of the faint, and in less than an hour he was sitting up in a chair telling me the cause of his trouble. He gave me the name Dr. Jekyll, and said that he was an English doctor, travelling. Before the night was over I knew his secret, and he knew my history. He believed he had found the drug which would change a man into another being. He had come to this quiet spot to make a first trial. Then if death resulted no one would ever know the cause. As you know, it failed, and I came upon the scene in time to save his life. He was very grateful to me for this; and finally persuaded me to go with him to London, where he said

he would give me a home, and cure me of my habit. The thing was tempting, and I accepted. Arriving here, I was given pleasant quarters, and established as a member of the household.

I soon began to mend under the doctor's care, and felt something like my old self. I regained my old strength. Dr. Jekyll insisted, for some reason unknown to me, that we should not be seen together; and for that reason I never appeared in his part of the house unless he was absent. We had many talks, however, in his cabinet or in my rooms. During one of these talks he spoke of his great discovery, which he expected to perfect soon, and that some day I might expect to see him as somebody else; and in regard to this change, he said he had left a will with one Utterson,

by which in case of his supposed death or disappearance his money was to go to me, — and furthermore, I was to deliver it to *him* in his *new form!* As I had no faith in his hopes, I agreed to all of this, and soon forgot it. With returning strength I began to long for my old life as an actor, and I found myself trying to imitate Dr. Jekyll, as a character. I entered into it as my one amusement, and soon became so proficient that I could imitate Jekyll in manners, expression, carriage, even in voice, to perfection. I knew this, for I tried it on the servants with unexpected success. However, I allowed Dr. Jekyll to gain no knowledge of this new acquirement.

About this time a new and peculiar phase of my illness presented itself. I found that at times I was afflicted with a

deep craving for opium stimulants, and at such times there was a change in my nature, — I became passionate and irritable; my temper was ungovernable. Often while on the streets these spells came over me, and I know that I was guilty of cruel and heartless acts. It was in one of these tantrums that I committed the worst crime a man can. For the first time since I knew him, Dr. Jekyll had taken a walk with me. We met Sir Danvers Carew, and I was introduced. The doctor being called away, I escorted Sir Danvers toward his home. We got into a warm discussion, and at the height of it I felt one of these spells coming on; I was unable to keep my temper, and almost before I realized what I was doing, I had sprung upon the old man and felled him to the earth. Oh, the agony of

shame and fear through which I passed when I realized it all! That night I told Jekyll. Horrified as he was, he determined to help me. After getting me to write a short note to himself, to the effect that I had gone forever, he hid me in an old cellar under the court. There food was handed to me for about two days; but the third night it stopped, and I quietly stole out and to my quarters. To reach them, it was necessary to pass through Jekyll's cabinet. As I entered the room, candle in hand, I stumbled over a body. It was Jekyll's. Glancing around, I saw papers of salts and vials on the tables, and I knew at once that Jekyll had again been trying his awful experiment. I found his heart still beating, and remembering a cabinet had once been pointed out to me as con-

taining the antidote of the powerful drug, I crossed to it and took out the vial. A paper there arrested my attention, and I found it to be Jekyll's will. I read it. By it he gave his property to me. Why, he had already told me; but it was only in trust. Placing the vial on the table, I seated myself near the body. Open, near me, was a case of surgical instruments, among which was a long, keen scalpel; taking this from its cushion, I opened it, and advancing to the body, I knelt beside it. Just then Jekyll gave a deep sigh, and opening his eyes, he raised himself on his elbow. Grasping him by the throat I forced him back, at the same time plunging the knife into his side. With a shriek he tore himself free, and half ran, half crawled, to the door. But I was there

before him. Just as he tottered against me I ran the blade into his throat, and he fell without a cry. I buried the body beneath the passage-way, and washed the floor and door free from blood. Now that the deed was done, and I had two murders on my hands instead of one, I was sorely troubled as to what to do. If I ran for it, I ran the risk of capture for the murder of Carew. If I stayed here, as soon as Jekyll was missed, they would search, and find me. The case seemed desperate. There was only one way left, — Jekyll must not be missed; it was absolutely necessary for my safety. How I thanked the whim that caused me to study him. But could I do it? That was the question.

I determined upon a desperate trial. I formed a plan, whereby I appeared one

night before Dr. Lanyon, a friend of Jekyll's. There I pretended to change myself, by a drug, to Jekyll. It was a remarkable piece of acting, to judge from its success, — its effect on the horrified Lanyon. I could have hugged myself for joy. At least for a time I was *safe*. After his recovery from the seeming horror of it all, Lanyon wanted the history of my discovery. As I knew of none to tell him at the time, I promised to write it, providing he would not make it public until after my (as Jekyll) death. He promised; and so, disguising my hand as well as I could, and imitating that of Jekyll, I wrote a most remarkable letter, which I think effectually hoodwinked Dr. Lanyon. All this was a terrible strain upon me, and without the restraining hand of Jekyll, I

returned once more to the opium. This was two weeks ago. Since then my change has been frightfully swift. My will-power, my strength, have deserted me in a night, as it were, just as they did years ago in America. I have lost all power to act out the miserable farce of my life. I cannot assume the upright carriage of Jekyll; I cannot keep the muscles of my face under control. God knows I have tried hard enough. With my nerves quieted with opium I have stood before my glass, and bravely, desperately tried to assume the form of that man, but in vain; the cursed opium has done its deadly work, and I am a doomed man.

It is a week now since I last appeared in the dining-room as Jekyll, and at any moment my doom may come. Here, in the

last lonely hours of my life, some flickering spark of the man I once was, prompts me to make this slight amends to the memory of the man who was my benefactor and last friend, and, although I killed him, my best friend. Did I say *last friend?* No; that little vial on the table is my last friend!

THE END.

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